Gam Lee, King of Hop Alley, Buried With Chinese Honors

Curious Crowds Looked on, Laughed, Jeered the Mourners and Took Food and Emblems From the Grave as Trophies.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC Gam Lee, King of Hep alley, and thereby ruler of the Chinese of St. Louis, is buried. His bones, interred last Sanday, with rites that are shored to Chinese, rest in Wesleyan Cometery in a grave that was trampled by a thousand descrating feet almost before the ceremoides of his burial

In his coffin are ivory prayer tablets and a folded fan. These were left intact.

At the head of his grave were placed a generous quantity of food and a bundle of Joss sticks, that he might not hunger during his stay in purgatory and that he might not be without the means to placate the great Joss. But these were seized and carried away as trophles by the men and women who trampled upon the grave.

Thousands watched the formation and progress of the funeral of Gam Lee. Shivering in the raw air of a sunless day, they filled the grimy windows, jammed the filmsy stoops, burdened the time-weakened fools, clambered over insecure piles of bricks, and choked Eighth street, Walnut Treet, Market street and Hop Alley. They pushed and swore and laughed and truggled in a swarm whose restless sur-gings every now and then swallowed the thirty policemen who fought to keep them

In front of Gam Lee's door, which was marked by a heavy fold of crepe, 200 men and women strove to break through the police cordon and force their way into the deathroom. They were pushed back, but

rolled resistlessly forward again.

Finally two women who seemed to be known to the Chinese got permission from one of the masters of ceremonies to view the body. They rushed forward, and in their wake followed a score of other women-young women and middle-aged women women in rags and women in silks; but not one whose face bore a sign of grief or of any other emotion save that of staring curiosity.

crowded into the little room, filled with the smoke of tobacco and punk, gazed into the face of the dead Chinaman, gazed at the lighted candles, gazed at the burning joss sticks stuck into a platter of earth, and crowded out, laughing and satis

The opening ceremonies took place on Eighth street, at the head of Hop alley, There, shortly after noon, half a dozen Chinamen, wearing white blouses of cotton over their typical work-a-day clothes, set canopy, black-roofed and fringed with paper ropes of red, white and blue, upon the estones. Beneath this they placed a

Other Chinamen came out into the street bearing a table. This they placed to the south of the canopy, and about it they spread straw matting. A white cloth was laid on the table, and then heaping dishes of favorite Chinese foods were set upon it. The crowd jeered and laughed.

"Pass the grub around," they cried, "Gam Lee is dead; he can't eat. Give it to us." Two small Chinamen, bearing huse brass gongs, stepped out upon the sidewalk and began to beat upon the gongs with sticks. The crowd laughed and jeered again. The Chinamen, too, laughed and beat the harder. Back toward Walnut street there were twenty-five carriages. One of these was called and the two tom-tom beaters, with gorgeous garments, stepped out from the two other men, who blew shrill and tuneless crowd of other gorgeously dressed China-fifes, climbed into the carriage, placed long men, took a position on the matting at the pine sticks as railings on each sile, and re- foot of the casket, and began an incanta-

Six Chinamen now came out of the alley bearing the black casket, which contained the body of Gam Lee. Behind them came another Chinaman, holding an open um-brella over the head of the dead man. Back of them all came a white horse, bare of ack and led by a negro boy.

Out of one of the Chinese stores on Eighth street 100 Chinamen, each garbed peculiarly nd each bearing a gayly-colored flag or

THE CHINESE BAND SOME OF THE STANDARD BEARERS PREPARING TO MARCH "What are they going to do with that

the canopy as the casket was placed be-

horse?" some one asked "That is for the spirit of Gam Lee t ride." was the answer. The crowd, hearing the reply, laughed again.

An old negro woman, wearing a heavy black vell, walked unsteadily toward the casket, and, leaning over, gased into the face of Gam Lee. She turned, staggered and fell heavily to the sidewalk. A spectator helped her to her feet, and she leered at him helplessly. As she stooped to brush the dust from her dress she staggered again. She was drunk with opium.

A little old Chinaman, with cap and men, took a position on the matting at the ion in Chinese His arms waved frantic

His arms waved again, and a tall Chine man, bearing an enormous flag, shifted the pole from left to right hand, and, with an answering recital, raised it high. The little priest bent, and, taking a dozen ioss sticks, lighted them and placed them

on the table with the food.

The American band, stationed ahead of

a gray, bristlelike mustache, trembled Chinaman ran frantically to the leader and | lean band, and the American musicians berged him to stop. The crowd saw the mistake and shouted

The priest continued his incantations. More flags and banners were raised, and their red and white and yellow and pink folds flapped gaudily in the chilling wind.
The Chinese band increased its clattering noise. An emissary from the master of cereanner or transparency, came pouring in the Chinese band, began to play a dirge. A monies hurried to the leader of the Amer-

gan again the dirge which they had begun before. "Look out! Maybe it ain't time yet!"

Again the crowd laughed.

clanging noisily. Every inch of the track shouted the crowd jeeringly.

The Chinamen bearing the flags and ban-The Chinamen bearing the mass and barners formed in more even order. Other car-ners formed in more even order. Other car-riages began to come up through the crowd Clubs were waved frantically, and the at Market street.

A policeman, trying to clear the way,
Seized a drunken man who had a political

him "get back" threw him to the ground. Then he jerked him to his feet and pitched

him bodily into the crowd.

The crowd laughed. So did the police-

Further down the line, another policeman tried to prevent a young fellow from break-

ing through the line. The youth ran, and the policeman, running after him, caught

his collar and gave him a lusty kick that sent him sprawling. A brother officer gath-

man. So did the drunken man.

BY A STAPP PHOTOGRAPHER

Sedge in his hat, and in his effort to make ; car crept along, and the crowd surged forward again as it passed.

A negro girl started across the alley. She had boasted that she was going to get "right up to dat coffin." The Sergeant called to her. She did not heed him. The Sergeant caught her roughly by the arm.
"You come back here," he ordered. "Tou haven't any business up there. Stay where

More jeers and laughter came from the crowd.

Gaudily dressed Chinamen, leaders of the ceremonies, began to climb into the car-riages. In the first were the male relatives of the dead man. In the second was Gam Lee's white wife, a black veil which but half concealed features that were once comely fluttering loosely from her black bonnet. In the other carriages were the Chinese Masons of high degree, and in one

Gorgeous Trappings, a Feast for the Dead Man, a Horse for His Spirit, and a Weird Band

A way was opened through the crowd. The riderless white horse was led into the street.

The casket was lifted into a hearse. In front of it marched a Chinaman, who held high a long, narrow banner, on which was inscribed a recital in Chinese characters of the dead man's good qualities.

Banner-bearing Chinamen, more richly dressed than those of the rank and file, took

their places about the hearse. The Chinese band, each of the four members chanting an accompanying song, and each with his eyes half closed and his head waving unevenly, began to beat on its cym-

bals and to blow on its fifes.

The American band began another dirge The fluttering flags and banners gave a riotous tone of color that was set off by the dingy red of the ramshackle old buildings of the Chinese quarter. Scarcely less gay was the dress of the mourners-bine, purple, pink, dull red and yellow, with here and there a white blouse, and everywhere intense black lettering in Chinese characters. The cortege moved slowly to Olive street.

The jeering crowd ran after and about it, laughing shouting hooting The Chinamen, heedless alike of shouts and jeers, nevertheless laughed cheerfully

among themselves.

The queer procession moved gaudily west
on Olive street to Fourteenth street, Fourteenth street to Locust and on Locust to Twenty-first, passing for the whole distance between two shifting, closely packed banks of curious white people and negroes.

At Twenty-first street the formation was broken, the American musicians were dis-missed, and those who were to go to the grave climbed into carriages. Waving above

each carriage was a banner. The sun had found a way through the ids when the procession began to enter clouds when the procession began to enter Wesleyan Cemetery. The cortege moved carefully to the open grave, at the foot of which was dry wood piled in a heap that was ready for lighting.

All around the grave, and pressing back upon other graves, were hundreds of ir-reverent people. They were pressed back with difficulty, but at last there was space for the coffin to be brought to the grave and for the chief actors in the ceremonies to gather together.

The weird incantations, begun at the head of Hop alley, were continued; the banners were unfurled again; the dirges of the Chinese band were renewed; Joss sticks were lighted; the food that had been brought out in a covered wagon was placed carefully at the head of the grave.

The casket was lifted from the hearse and wrapped in the banner on which was inscribed the version of the dead man's virtues. Then it was lowered into the

ground. When the grave was filled the pile of dry wood was lighted and the mourners began the performance of the last rite. They marched slowly about the fire, and as each came opposite it he took from his cost or blouse his mourner's badge of colored strips of cloth and threw it upon the blazing heap. The crowd followed close. If a badge dropped short or went over the fire, it was seized as a souvenir.

carriages. The crowd surged back of them, trampling over the grave, and seizing greedily the corn, oil, wine, fruits and other delicacies that had been so reverently

placed.

As the procession moved out of the piece of money, in accordance with a Chicalled upon to do any service for nothing.

The wilderness of banners and the gaudy regalia were taken carefully back to Hop alley and there furled and folded and laid aside to await service at the next Chinese funeral.

And the burial of Gam Lee, King of Hop alley, was officially ended.

The Impromptu Ball at Prairie du Rocher...

Romances of the Louisiana Purchase:

How a False Rumor Interrupted a Love Affair and Caused a Dear Old Priest to Be Nearly Frozen.

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC. It was very unfortunate, of course, that a false rumor should break up a dance, send Colonel George Rogers Clark hurrying back to Kaskaskia, and his sweetheart and her party to St. Louis, while dear old patriotic Father Pierre Gibault had to remain ice-bound on an island in the middle of the Messignal River for party. Mississippi River for nearly a week.
But that is exactly what happened in the early part of January, 1779; for historians have solemnly recorded the facts in the

There was little rest on either bank of the river for the scattered settlers in those need for a command to halt; the hardy foldays. When the Indians were not on the lowers of the Virginian laughed alike at warpath the British were threatening; and when hostile forces were temporarily quiet there was always the excited pilgrim, with his wild and harrowing particulars of some ting unwound. As they came in sight of the proposition calculates in the control of the proposition of the control of the proposition of the control o

But for all that there was time for a bit -there having been no attack from any quarter in all the days that had elapsed ce he had captured the village, and with Cahokia. History does not record that had any special business there; for Cahokia had any special business there; for Cahokia Across the way was the house of all Rolaine. It was larger than any of its neighbors, for M. Rolaine was a wealthy neighbors, for M. Rolaine was a wealthy

The March From Kaskasia in the Face of a Biting Wind.

For in St. Louis, as has been duly told in these faithful chronicles of the early days, there lived a dark-haired, black-eyed senorita, Pepita, most charming dauligter -she and Clark-bad met at the capture of Kaskaskia; they had met again, at other times and other places; and they had loved. and Hortense, her pretty daughters. Clark was a Virginian, and his Virginian Oh, there was a jolly good time! heart had not been hardened by his long years of hardships and warfare—in the wilds of Kentucky, on the Indian trail, on the long march from Eastern Kentucky to capture and make a part of the United States that vast domain which has in later years been cut into strips, labeled Ken-tucky, Illinois, Indiana and Ohio and given ignity of States. The gleam of a woman's eyes-if she were a pretty woman; the music of a woman's voice—if that voice were soft and vibrant with the tones of youth; the warmth of a woman's smile-if that smile brought dimples into flushing cheeks; None of these ever failed to appeal to

George Rogers Clark-"Blg Knife," he was called by the fearsome Indians. There was a coquette's gleam in Pepita's eye; there was a song of Southern Spain in voice; there were cherries on her lips and entrancing dimples in her cheeks. The Virginia Colonel was entranced. Of course, his was a dream that was never to be realized; but that is not a part of the

present story.

To resume the relation of events as they occurred in January, 1779. When Colonel Clark and fifty men started for Cahokia, the day was just beginning; and a bitter look day it was, with strong, biting winds driving through the trees and across the prairies and freezing the very marrow in The young men shouted; the girls clapped by Then she said:

"Never fear," said the hostess, while the "That—is better!" It was such a soft little whisper that it is not surprising that her partner had to hokia! Go! It will be sport!"

The young men shouted; the girls clapped by whispered.

Royal Welcome at the Village of Prairie du Rochere.

At noon the little old village of Prairie du Rocher was reached. There was no

the village they darted forward with a cheer; they burst into the door of the store When George Rogers Clark, soon after the beginning of the new year, found time thanging heavily on his hands at Kaskania. great danger of that remarkable structure of wood and mud. And they found wine and rum that would

it the whole of the surrounding country on do more than flame to heat their blood, and the night of July 4, 1778—he resolved to go to drank it down with great gulps and many cheers for the host.

Across the way was the house of M. Henr

perous. He recognized the Virginians at they crowded into Jacques's store, and wen out hurriedly to persuade some of them to come under his roof. Clark went; so did young Auguste Varney and middle-aged Francois Marseilles, and youthful Jack Thornton and half a dozen others. They senorita, Pepita, most charming dauhgter found another roaring fire, and steaming of the Spanish Governor de Leyba. They rum and glorious wine. And soon there was a feast of venison and quall and brown bread set out by Mme. Rolaine and Marcel

M. Henri's Old Violin a Happy Inspiration.

And when the feast was ended, and white smoke was curling from half a score of black pipes, M. Rolaine took from the wall his old violin and played tunes that he had

brought in his mind and his fat fingers from France a score of years before. "A dance! A dance!" cried young Au guste, springing up, and, clasping Marcel's siender waist, beginning to whirl her about

"Zounds!" cried Clark, also springing to his feet. "Your violin, my good friend, puts music into my heels, also." And he whirled away with Hortense

And he whirled away with Hortense.
"That is poor," laughed Madame Rolaine.
"It is not well to dance now. See, if you stay, you dance to-night—out in the big hall, in the kitchen, everywhere!"
"Capital!" cried Jack. "But—where are ne girls? Ma'mselle Marcel and Ma'mselle Hortense—they cannot be divided between

the bones of him who dared to face it. The their hands. Twenty miles for a partner men, with Colonel Clark and young Captain to dance with? It was nothing! Gleaming candles flared in long rows set against the walls; great wood fires sput ered and roared in the fireplaces in hall

and kitchen; chattering girls and boasting

men filled every room. Madame Rolaine, a spotless kerchief crossed over her rare gown of blue, moved busily from one guest to another; M. Rolaine, in huge slippers. bulging yarn stockings, tight-stretched breeches of blue, and a flowing coat of yellow, rubbed his hands gleefully and ever and anon tuned his violin lovingly. Pepita was there. She and half a dozen others from St. Louis had been at Cahokia when Jack Thornton had carried the news of the ball to that village. And she was glowing with beauty and high spirits. The gallop across the prairies in the sharp air had brightened her dimpled face until-for George Rogers Clark, at least-it shone with the radiance of a summer's sun. Her

dress was red—a glowing red that blazed in rivalry with the roaring furnaces fed by crackling logs. Her black hair rose above the red dress in a glossy heap; her rosy cheeks, the final touch of color, made her olive skin to seem as fair as an Easter lily. Dimples came and went as she chattered, her dainty head tilted coquettishly that she might look with roguish glances from the corner of her sparkling eyes into the face of the Virginia Colonel, who would

not leave her side. ne!" cried Mme. Rolaine. "You must dance! See! My Henri is playing!"

Away the dancers began to whirl, Pepita's head just reached the shoulder of the Colonel, whose stout arms tenderly en-circled her waist. Pepita's eyes were so faintly hidden by dark lashes that not one of the mischievous glances that came hap-pily from them was lost to her valiant partner; and Pepita's light feet tripped so merrily over the puncheon floor that they all but defied the energies of M. Henri.

"This is better than fighting Indians," Clark whispered with an attempt at bramentary," laughed the girl. "The compari-"Now. Miss--

"O-o-o-o! That is worse! I am not ar American! You must not call be 'Miss'!" "Well madamoiselle "And that is worse, Monsieur Colonel! It is so funny! The way you pronounce the word!"
"Well, then, senorita---"

"Tut, Monsieur! It is provoking! Your tongue is thick—it is clumsy!" Pepita's small mouth puckered in a tight little pout. But her eyes glimmered more brightly, and presently the pout melted into The Virginian bent lower over the pretty

softly: Four bars of music had been drawn from the violin by M. Henri before the girl lifted her face again, or deigned to make re-

face—that was now seeking to hide itself in the folds of the warm dress—and said

him. He turned. A dainty little figure was "Suppose—I should say 'my sweetheart?" running toward his whispered.

The bright face dropped slowly until the osy cheeks were hidden and the blackcrowned brow rested against the Virginia Colonel's shoulder.

ened their clasp.
"Impudent!" cried the girl, freeing herself from the man's strong arms, and running lightly away.
As she passed into the kitchen, she glanced back saucily and laughed.

"I love you!" he said, as his arms tight-

Old Jacques Brings News of an Impending Attack.

Clark ran after her; but just then an outer door opened, and, accompanied by a biting gust of wind, swarthy old Jacques Pirot entered. He was excited, and that was a strange thing to note in old Jacques, was a strange thing to note in our sacques, hunter, trapper, scout and Indian fighter Clark grasped his shoulder tightly.

"Jacques! What's the matter? Indians?"

He spoke loudly. The music ceased; the dancers halted and came crowding about

"Jack, Francois. Auguste, get the men together!" called Clark sharply. 'Have them ready to leave at once. Muster them in the store; I will be there presently. Jacques, come here!" Clark led the trapper into the kitchen, and

"Colonel, the British are marching of

ose beside the fire. The guests followed, frightened and curious. "Now be quick and tell me what you know," ordered the Colonel. "How many there in the attacking party?"

"An Indian told me there were 500." "Did you see them?"
"No. I was afraid. I hurried away." "When did they leave St. Vincent?" Two days ago. Deer Face saw them marching out. He told me how they looked.

"How do you know they were starting toward Kaskaskia?" "Hungry Wolf—" "Who is he?" "An Illinois warrior. He was close to St Vincent, when a squaw who had been to the village brought the news that the Brit

"Hungry Wolf told me they had five eces. One was--" "M. Henri, my coat, if you please. What route did they take?"
"They were to cross the river below th village and march on it.at daylight."
"Any Indians with them?"

"A band of Algonquins was to join them "That will do! M. Henri, and Madame, am sorry I must leave. Good-night, ladies and gentlemen. I would advise all of you to get to your homes as soon as possible; for if what Jacques has heard is true; and the red coats and the Indians are as strong as e reports, they will not be content to stop at Kaskaskia."

Clark's eyes sought anxiously through the crowd from Pepita. She was not to be seen. With an additional farewell to the ladies e stepped briskly out into the night. "Where the devil did my little Spaniard go!" he grumbled. "Colonell" came a soft call behind

'It is impolite to run away!" she called. 'And never say good-by!' softly; for she was in his arms, and his Pepita, breaking from his grasp, ran light

sound of the scraping of fifty feet. The door was thrown open, and Thornton "Fall in!" he shouted, as the men came into the road. "Call Colonel Clark."

"Forward, march!" cried Clark, stepping in front of the men. "And go like the

The day was just breaking when Clark and his command, half frozen by the ter-rible cold of the night, and almost ready



The door of M. Henri's house opened, and Pepita, breaking from his

nel called out, sharply. "Go wake your Captain," shouted Clark, "and tell him to prepare for hot work. The fully. British are coming!

In five minutes the fort was in a tumult. Half-dressed men were tumbling out into he cold air, armed and ready to fall into line or man the port holes. In five minutes more every person in the illage was likewise aroused.

"Father Gibault?" asked Clark. "Is he good friend of the Americans to be safe if he should fall into the hands of Hamilton." Father Gibault soon came to find the Colonel. He pleaded to be allowed to rewould not listen to him.

"You are too valuable a friend, Father." he said. "You must get across the river. There you will be safe, and Virginia can have the advantage of your council in fu-

Clark himself led the old priest to river bank, and saw him push off into the stream, his vessel a light bateau.

"Good luck to you, Father!" he called.

"God be with you, my son!" was the an-

to drop from exhaustion, struggled into Kaskaskia. They hurried straight to the fort, Clark fifty feet in advance. The senti-"Devil take Jacques!" said Clark, thought-

> Meantime, poor old Father Gibault was in desperate straits. For five days he had been alone on an island in the middle of the Mississippi, without food, without fire and without shelter, mave that given by the

His attempt to cross the river had been Tell him he must leave. He is too a powerful mass of ice floating down on the swift current, and, in spite of his best ef-forts, had been pushed far down the river.

His struggles were puny against the twin powers, but about ten miles down the river he had put forth a last desperate effort and had forced his boat through the ice and close to the shore of a little island. As he ran into shallow water his bateau struck a cake of ice, which tipped it, and the priest was thrown out. He struggled to the shore, but his bateau went fleating on down the river, tossed by waves and ham-

mered by ice cakes until it sank.

Father Gibault had lost his flint in the Stream, his vessel a light bateau.

"Good luck to you, Father!" he called.

"Good be with you, my son!" was the answering shout.

Early in the evening the scouts began to come in. From all it was the same story:

"Not a sign of redcoats or redskins anywhere; but I'm d—n near froze!"

Other scouts were sent out for the night, and for the next day, and for several eye following. There was no indication of the